

Fortress

Artillery
flanks the fortress:

too weak the walls
too slow the spine.

Murder by air, and bowels
spill.

Generals flee,
taking what wine
they can.

Offshore,
a tactical grace

cuts quick the struggle.

Fortress fissured,
ripped like nerves
from the brain.

Flowers of blood, alight.

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As years drape by, the fortress will
weep

aware of its fabric
its might
its grandeur

having radically died
so long ago.